

CREVALLE JACK

Nathaniel S. Rounds



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Out of the Dark/Midfa *

As you drive purposely to nowhere
In our rusting Daihatsu Charade
While the Southeastern Five-Lined Skink
Seduces a spider with Uyghur dance,
I tip my black-and-red check hunter's cap
And recite in a shrill falsetto
A journal entry from six day's prior

Dearest mahi-mahi muchacha,
I'm not facing the crazy hippy chick
At the computer
In the office where you get food stamps
And Medicaid,
But as I talk to you on the telephone
In the chipboard booth,
I can hear her wailing,
"Oh, WOW, man! I
Just hit the sssSPACE BARrrrr!
Always wanted to bar hop
In outerrrrssssPACE!"

You and I deny our history
While I request Band -Aids for falling on my face,
But inside I am serenading you
With heart and head leaping over tall fences

Ah, Sunset Morpho companion of mine,
We are
Walking on Bongo Land's surface
To the snap of the x-ray
Bones in our fingers
Ultimatum lingers
In rhythmic consonance and
Deliberation

One half a lifetime ago we
Ended up at the Kit Kat Club
Where we bought drinks served in boots
For two gravediggers
From Pinewood Cemetery

We were entranced by the sounds of
Gasoline- can- three -stringed- guitar
And a cocktail drum kit
Deep bass harmonica

And rain outside
Rawhide recitation
Of a threadbare lyric
Nothing good could come of this
But your foot still tapped
Approval

Still,
You're removed from scrutinizing
Every word and every move,
Paint and half-right allegorical
Claim
Regarding
Art Eel Hue/North Atlantic Avenue

Herein,
I submit for quick bank sale one
High intensity Brueghel 1950's eatery
Filled with 5,000 speed- racing, Canaanite drag queen
Cheerleaders and their unswerving mamas
With some Eleutheran Adventurers
Posing as motorcyclists from out- of -town,
All on the fifth floor of some spumoni ice-cream- cake
confection
Of a building overlooking
Daytona Beach

Inside, it's 1950's mono sound
Along with mono tile
In addition to Formica dark and dirty percolated black drink
Spilled into thick whelk shell cups
Plus mushroom burgers that give you revelations
Along with wait staff, runners and fountain workers
Amid the influx of Canaanite drag queen cheerleaders
Not quite toward the inside of
Yaupon Holly bloom
But suggesting its impending arrival
Through so much paint and heavy fragrance,

Their

Crimson uniforms cut short
Above Floridian tanned tomato stakes
Planted in Nike sneakers while white diner uniforms
Are described in a myriad of tongues including Joual,
Caló and Wolof
Condensed into a seagull screech

Which rises in pitch
Until the Atlantic foams onto the shore
And spits froth onto a spumoni ice cream
Cake confection of a building
Overlooking a Plexiglas sea concealing whispers of Atlantis
And
Three planes of existence

At morning's light,
The only thing[s] that threw me off
Were the crumbs in the bed
And the smell of my self
Little Debbie oatmeal cookies
On Royal Poinciana multiple paw marks
Ranchero music soft and then capricious
Like a flame of the forest
Like a Peacock Flower
Like bruises endured in reaching myself
Through you, then watching the whole tribulation
Get scraped off a saucer
Into an In-Sink-Erator

And I prayed aloud

Yahweh/Jehovah
Would you please
Nail gun my dreams
Onto a Floridian rooftop
So we can watch them glow beneath
Yokohama Bay Stars
Dancing in night sky TV
For we are
Walking on Bongo Land's surface
To the snap of the x-ray
Bones in our fingers
Ultimatum lingers
In rhythmic consonance and
Deliberation

Canon ball pierces sea side clouds and
Sons of lenders decipher
Sky fire's fall

*Published in *The
Inquisition Magazine*

Duck Fur¹ -

Chromo-photolithograph of a fan-cooled fursuit duck
Strumming a one-string canjo
At a wedding held
Beneath palm leaf-and-Spanish-moss shade
For the benefit
Of two sun-burnt Northerners
Dressed in rubber gloves and surgical masks

One fine print is flipped to another
The story progresses like a candle's flame

Tonight the sky will be ablaze
With kaleidoscopic star dances
Swirled in peach orchard punch
While underneath sound wave cracklature
Florence Nightingale sings

¹ Published in *Osprey Journal* and *Melusine*

Parting Shot

Poor Ball Python.
He was wrapped around his leather-bound copy of
Jubilate Agno, written by
Christopher Smart's cat Jeoffrey
When he began to enter the more serious symptoms of
C.diff, e.g., vile-smelling diarrhea,
Which does not aid one in reading poetic interpretations
Of transcendent things.

So he began to shout a recitation of Carl Sandburg's
GoldMud
And this did much to disturb
Midnight sleep
In the congregation of apartment neighbors
And once his voice had been lost to public discord,
He felt he had indeed transcended his unseemly demise,
Which he couldn't resist signing
With a certain wet-on-dry panache.

Wet Lab Dries Up

Toro says

Keep on the newspaper in your card board box

Don't pee

Outside the perimeter

But that's too much argot

From one television sales floor guy

To the photo lab tech

(last

Of his kind)

Three months before the lab folds down

And is succeeded by a shiny box

That prints photos for everyone,

Devoid of human intervention,

No middleman,

No guts between

Memory and paper.

Slurred Syntax on the Third of May

Welcome to Florida Medicaid.
You need to choose a plan.
You need to choose a no-name Band-Aid
Or FDA soup in a can.

Golpe de Nuca can't recall very much
He's out-of-touch regarding fine details
Always jumping around with his fists in the air
While his younger brother Bezalel
Builds a dreadnaught guitar
Out of a polychrome masthead
From a sunken pirate ship
And a bottle gourd that once housed
A thousand tears of
Elisha

Golpe de Nuca pours out his soul
In the form of asymmetrical inquiry:

*Any dead poets out there
Messing with the topsoil?*

You might be interested to know

*That my son blithely chewed a stingray,
A horse, and a triceratops
With his Arrowroot cookie
It's fun watching him subjugate land and sea At
eight months of age□.*

*And did you see that news article
Which mentions 1500 derelict boats
Slowly sinking in Florida waters and
8,000 former middle class citizens
Sharing tents in marshlands with alligators?*

Brothers covered in rags of better men
Both dream between tears in the seams

*Any dead poets out there
Messing with the topsoil,
Spoiling annual potted plants
Transplanted into tenement*

Red wood chip parcels?

*While mother nurses baby,
I sell TVs to dying sons of Abraham,
Reduced to ragged wine skins
Interred
Within Treasure Coast coffins
Made by Mercury*

*Before midnight, I return home
To howl over dark beaches
With the champagne of beers
And to dream of new men
Decapitating their superiors*

"Song turns the poorest waters into wine,"
Said Double A Whitman
Ain't it the truth,
Ruth?

Rose Angel

I'm not above calling a spade a spade but
Hr. Heidelbeere Schwellenangst
He was Mr. Right in all the wrong places
A confidence man with a thousand faces

And he would sing
Rose Angel
Will you dance with me?

His most natural gifts
Were deception and grace
Never thought those two notions
Would share the same face

And when the flood tides rose
Schwellenangst sang

Dance with me in the rain but
If the rain falls too hard on the roadside
Let's turn around, and
Not drown

Snow Bird Sings

I've witnessed typhoon rains
Babies shot at close range by unemployed fathers
Welfare and social security checks
Spent on white snow and faux gold

I aged fast

Tried to drown everglades nightmares
In seminal past
Give my frontal lobe a
Goodyear tire necklace
Zippo smile of smoke
Choke down Port Orange whispers
Of triple K historicity
I knelt down low
Under thunder raped palm
Felt coat hanger brandings of swastikas
Bail money black mail
Liquorice blood and Cane-fathered lust
Burnt scalp prayers for dead mail mercy
Murderous dreams shoved into boxes of
Murderous intent mothballed in steam trunks of
Doped up convenience expedited by
Frank Sinatra devotees dove coated into
Shangri La plastic bead veiling of black velvet road closures
Due to mass flooding curling at the corners under
Death bash vignette
No
Confirmation name for penguin dust fancy
Or
Quiet Canadian Sundays free
From commerce, progress and
Stray snow bird flights south of the border

Dafa Buggas Ggr Gi Ci Yaramam Bi₂ You're running with wet

hands from an explosive fluke worm

Transparent and sac-shaped
With conical warhead
Agitation/mixing device
It disseminates nightmares out of its aperture
Poisons the liver
Insists you're worth little
Tells tawdry tales about your biological mother
Who may also be your sister
Time to mount a non-explosive mode of transportation
Scwhinn continental touring bike
Aw, nuts, it's a tandem bike
And there's loud-mouthed bomb boy
Yuck yuck yucking it up
Pronouncing your best work is behind you
Should have washed your hands
Of dreams and aspirations
You can't sing or dance
Charm a woman
Change a tire Tune
a guitar You dial
911
Drop the bike
Roll on the public park green
Assume a fetal position
Approaching sirens replace nagging doubt
You are fighting the enemy
While eating tamed wilderness

Punch

I am wearing mufti
Silk robe de chambre
Celebratory fez
Reading with affectation
A pamphlet called *Loimologia*
Which lulls one to sleep

Sleep is a wonderful thing
Sleep at night is quite alright
But sleep on a Sunday afternoon
Is best of all
And, as certain kings are wont to say
Quiet is the new loud

The Happy Couple

Judith Jans
The superior of most men
Did not suffer from
Horror vacui
Fought off poverty and servitude with a paint brush
Before she could walk

Got unevenly yoked to her slightly inferior
They cleared a path through Dutch meadow grass
Tiptoed through tulips
Raised a family
And some serious Cane

Trickeration V-8

Did scuttle a little soft shoe dance
Within the confines of a round hat box
Peola Mini Ball, the Mole Crab queen
And achieved some modicum of rhythmic accuracy
But her aim was not so nearly to please
As to appease her own agenda

Yeah, man,

She recommended within her peculiar style and countenance
A variegated sentence of erstwhile side-winding Chicago
consonance
Which is to say she really laid some iron on the floor of her
homely domi' quo

The Protonic Poop:

The Solution to Nematodical Constipation

Subatomic protons make nematodes poop
Both poop and bitty worm survive
Destruction of the Mother Ship
During reentry into the atmosphere

Buck Rogers needs a subatomic tiger
In his tank before
Taking another gander
At meandering through the Milky Way

Skiptracer

Hey, big kiddo
You've got
ampullae of Lorenzini/
Radar detector
Stolen from
Marble-eyed-fang-grinning-lemon sharks

You know when the scene has changed
When somebody drywalls
Fresh
Air

Barometric changes to
Psychological smoke clouds
Weeping acid rain drops over
Otherwise calm, cool waters

Bōsōzoku Brylcreem pompadour
Unrevealing, dark shades and
Skin tough, weathered like
Coconut palm tree bark
Countenance an illumination of
Quiet
Before impending storm

~~Reichsbahnausbesserungswerke -Kaiserkeller-Hamburg-~~
~~Double Cheese- Cooked- On~~
~~-Your -Engine- Blues~~

Trying to make it right
All this
A440
Perfect fifth harmony stuff
Painted against thundrous sky
Ablaze with PPG 60156 Tangier Orange paint

And to the east

Gas flames over white waves
And various video cutaways to
Crazy universe strands of tire streaks
Stock car pile up
Ivory and ebony

Fire proof suit catches fire
There goes Mister
United States Patent 4310926
By the seat of his pants

But here's where you join
Thomas Everett Blasingame
Jerry Lee Lewis
Speedy West
Erwin "Cannonball" Baker
On an endless European tour,
Cooking crab legs on the manifold
While racing the autobahns and
Playing the Hamburg clubs

King of Tyre (Retread)

Father, you stink ingloriously,
Not because you turned common cotton
And poly-adulterated tweed into Judas Iscariot
Pre-Kindergarten, twist-of-the-knife, worsted wool soaked in
The blood of registered and unregistered progeny,
But also
There's cat scat soaking up your back bone,
Boiled into soup stock in a dish rag abandonment
Ofhome.

You are

In a college hotel room for visiting Profs
Daunting and sleeping and cobwebbed in corduroy

Meantime

Children a thousand miles due south
Deconstruct to bossa nova amen break

Concluding thoughts

If you skip every other word of your microcassette
Tran
Scripted will
You can sample and birdcall
What you really want for your third act

Thirty-Six Cents (Per Hour) Divides Management
From Laborer

Served three bosses at once
And friends of the bosses
And their children and dogs
Too

Took phone messages
Laundry
Jail bonds
Flowers for non-grieving mothers
When each boss man/mama died
Curled up my toes
In my thrift shop army boots
Bound carpal tunnel wrists
Clenched fists in cotton garden gloves

Ate pemmican and spit blood
Talked the ears off a dead rabbit
Crushed my knees idling and laboring
Waiting for evocation and revival of
Rain drops in a lifetime of draught
Cut hair and made peace
Rag by rag by bitter, grease-baptized rag
Chafed and wept and bled again
While better-bred and well-fed masters
Thought that all was well and just

White skin stayed white
Indoors and unstained living dead
While emancipated fool from the sea of blue collar blues
Woke up and rubbed his sleep-weary, satchel-for-a-pillow-
Shored-up head.

Thump in a Slump

Teased with a feather
Pickled through a straw
Melodious Thump beat
An elephant to jelly
Drank him down
With small beer

Clock jumped in a sack race counter-clockwise
Foot stamped a hole through polypropylene tile
floor
And wormed and plied and slap-step-stepped
To a four-seater outhouse in China

Thump re-thunk his open query
Carved his melody
Down to spindle-shanks
And dust

(S)light of Hand

4th Baron Topper had much to say to
Hattie Carnegie
Pork pie hat
There in the foamy egress
Of fade away to sand
Where the sharks return to sandbars
And the razor clams stand It
was all morning headline
And slight-of-hand

Much ado about the IRS
The demise of public education
The rise of inflation
The brief inhalation of a fond farewell
To racial discrimination
Editorials from retired civil servants screech
That one can't preach resolution
While wearing last night's
Constitution

Newsprint smeared 'neath
South Eastern
Saltwater
Alcoholic vitriolic Texas mickey lit with a flick
Of a safety match frolic
Flame framed in the eye of a man wed
To colic, individual eyes
Upon the swarthy baby
Boy in a Whitehall rowboat
Circling and departing from sight,
Teasing memory and stirring provocation
Like the dancing flames framed
In sun's gilded circle dance

Excerpts from Prince Phillip's Diary
(Can O' Nat Island)

I fell deep into the water
Every time I tried
To build a bridge to shore
Started wearing water wings
When I felt goodwill and fellow feeling
Coming on

Lost my grandfather's leather flight jacket
In a knitting needle contest
To a suitcase turntable
With a broken tone arm
And no needle

Made an madcap deal
With the clueless winner
Now I inject myself with song
And knit my own bridges to shore

Specimen

Don't have to worry about the Promised Land
It's there already,
Well-formed and firm beneath our busy feet

There beneath the clam bake on the flour-soft sand
Where cousins and neighbors cajole and natter,
Conceal and reprimand
Are the clay stones and masonry, timbers set to stand
For time, times and half a time
Without a glimpse or half -whisper of give

It's considered mowing - the- lawn -on -Sunday- sin
To live for self and sundry treat,
Or shirk father's whisky,
Opt not to eat
Catholic Celtic fishwife
Boiled in the bogs where the forgotten live

Ah, hope is a splendid butterfly,
Silenced with a pin

Razz Peso Moon

Get a different house
Find a different state of mind
Tune out unreality
Vanity and waste
Dress your house as though you're blind
In unkind, common taste
Try another point of view
From a well-appointed car
Throw away the road map's spider web
And search out signs for life on Mars

Multiply

Kid and a kid and a kid and a kid
They play
Tennis most aggressively
But they are replications of the same boy

The four year old seeks acceptance
From his neighborhood peers
But that will never happen

Sunshine through windows brings ridicule
And Sunny D the four year old boy
Replicates himself on his arcade game

A stamp times four every hour, fighting sunshine
Waiting for nightfall to call to attention
This bow-legged army,
This slight sliver of
Self

Balk Trine: -

It's time to head for the mountains
Time to steal away, steal away

Here at the rent party
Fats Waller is covered in green leaves
From the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil
Hamiltons and Jacksons
Sawbucks and double sawbucks

Waller turns money into music
Boogie- woogie upright piano
Played with the left hand
Angelic treble of the celesta with the right

It's the third of the month and we're busy jiving
Over landlord's knocking

Time to head for the mountains
Once we hear his retreat
Grab some wine along the wayside
Something to eat

Tribulations on the left side,
Angelic chorus on the right

And we are searching while eating
Holding back from drinking
Advancing but never shrinking
Back

Sureness and Boldness: -

(Chixy)

I didn't know that Phoebe was an exhibition shooter
Until sometime following our honeymoon
She hung out around the corner with her old pal,
Death,
Drinking beer on tap,
Shooting holes through
Chinese brush paintings of
Flights of whimsy

I was forced to acknowledge
That the landscape would often melt away in the rain
And came to feel that it's a crying shame that there are no bees
Or peonies
And that only the cactus remains

\$tab

"Okay, Mr.
Banks,
You take out
Joe's money
for this and
that, this and
that,
before he
deposits some
more
and I'll try to
cash his rent
money check
and
we'll
split
the
money
from
an
overdr
aff
ortw
o."

Iron and Dust

Rose fell from Vaudeville fame
And now dances on top of her old man's
Steam shovel

And to think that in 1918
Her friends
Were buried in plague pits
Carved out of the earth
By the same machine

'Cause Uncle Floyd Says

See

Telemarketer extravaganza on the world's death knells stage

Mother purists voice rage

Against the machine-timed decisions of a youth-led war

Held in the wet mud of a land that has never held blood
before

And your brother Bobby weeps

Blood and tears and feces and failed plans

No children forthcoming and no promises scanned

Into finality/reality God

has got a plan

To undo the silence of the long-maligned dead

You can stop your shrill cry and cradle your head

There's a chorus of prophets

Whose words stay unsaid

In the New York Central crushed marble confessional

Processional sweetened pot of Lot's defense

Without recompense on local cable access TV

Cave Dog Rhyme for a Mad Tramp

Caterpillar frass
Is not unlike mustard seed on
Foie gras
To predatory wasps
Who shop leaf shelters
For would-be emperors
To devour so as to avoid
Dethronement

moATHER

is speaking through scowl
five year old in winter cap
old southy
boston towne
two top brass buttons
undone
two properly clasped into
hand-me-down jacket
nothing wrong with it
retail has always managed
to remain
something of a racket
(even
then)
and moATHER

scowling and tough and
waiting for something
unpleasant near basement
outdoor entry
faded shingles rented
house
sun creeps against her
hey, he loves this future
moATHER
but in the meantime,
between teaching piano
and
folding laundry,
this girl's ma
cuts bangs with bowl
and sheers
dutifully.

Le Changement

You did a sharp u-turn in
high heels
Stopped by my fishing
shack

*Montreal is so much different
now,*
Or so you say
So different from
Memory video of
People in death throes
Wearing/ exuding
Riches and spices
Oils/ lazy money/ wine

Four minutes into
memory,
Shadows still glitter
underneath
Rue St. Denis

But that is all different now,
Or
So you say,
And all I can envision from
my bed of palm fronds
Is some kind of high-tech
plumbing
And billboards that feature
future shock In
high style
Unyielding

Subjugating Creation
Before the 9-5

People are sleeping
Children share the same
breath
With mother who guards
them
Even in sleep
And outside
People walk by slowly
Heads bowed low in prayer
Like it's part of the code
And the alligators and
spiders and snakes and
mosquitoes and cicadas
They just *pipe it* like dad
asks them to
Because that's their job
from 8 pm to 7 am, and
that
Is his.

The Life and Death of
Dear John (Ritter's, Port
Orange, FL)

So while eating frozen
custard with the street rods
parked nearby you seemed
hesitant and you sat down
beneath an unremarkable
picnic table umbrella and
while other people drove in
and parked on the grass b
ecause parking was so
scant you stared through
me and beyond and looked
bewildered and I called the
funeral parlor for the
ambulance while you
puked protest and false
teeth and eyes turned to
white and people
surrounded you like a
Busby Berkeley flower
dance and uncoiled upon
command by a nurse in the
crowd and this was where
you came to wonder if
someone off camera had
gathered up the wind in the
hollow of his hands and
wrapped your blood and
tears in a mantle

Hurtin' Song Dynasty

Reading up on your New
England cousins
That fell off the good ship
Griffin?
We haven't found any
records in the usual places
But your mother's aunt
Said something while
Rocking a chair
(Not
In paperback or in a
Teenage magazine)
Although her cabbages
Were wrapped in
Newspaper
And her memory of twin
Sisters Viola and Vienne
Lit up the shadows
Skirting certain forgotten
Trees.

No Sweet Potatoes, No
Marshmallows

There are government
checks for cheese for
babies with newfound
teeth
Flowers that grow in
hundred degree weather
Men who solicit car wash
bargains in white t shirts
Fulfilled but wheelchair-
resigned grandmas
Who carry bags of dollar
Rolls to hamper
Impending disaster
While touring Middle
America's
Endless aisles of
(un)attainable bargains
And the round of cheese
grows larger
Knowing it will be carved
and divided
Carved and divided
Knifed into so many
crumbs

Feast or Famine

Yellow crocodile lace-up
dress shoe
Lemon hat forgotten in
the drawing room
Zoot suit with sun and
Fool's gold stripes
The sun never did set more
fashionably
Like conversation bubbling
over
Knife and fork and late
night supper
Firewood sparking and
Death at the window

Wedded Immense Goon

Last night I watched a movie about FBI kingpins who eat school paste and naugahyde sandwiches. They like to sentence agents fresh from the academy one week's probation for failing to see the iconic symbolism of Goya or his incendiary satire of human suffering. But today, if I seize Megiddo, I'll have captured a thousand towns. Gas ain't cheap, and the time is short. Gonna get me to the weddin' with a p'lice escort. But as Bobby Phillip Hanssen used to say, you can't tap a pear tree and get pear juice. But you can get tendonitis and a termite or two. Tonight the moon is loomin' in the mist which tousles noggin' tops of trees. I must validate my lovin' 'cause the lovin' don't come free here, there, or outside NIGHT AND DAY TV (SERVICE) or, for that matter, in front of the entry way to BINGO BEDZ BEDZ BEDZ, with the police officer in white shirt and naugahyde sandwich in hand, leaning against a Ford Crown Victoria parked in front of NIGHT AND DAY TV (SERVICE). He assures you that nothing is wrong inside or outside and that he is merely providing community security and that BINGO BEDZ BEDZ BEDZ has a fifty percent sale on all marked merchandise, and that Megiddo is a right nice town, y'all

Time Rocket in Water (3-2-1)

Jason was not interested in student government
When he dropped out of Astronaut High
Bought a canoe with money made washing cars
The view of the water won him over
That and stumbling into a motion picture editing machine
Cores and reels
Splicing block
Now it's time to reconstruct broken pictures of broken homes
Carried down flooded streets
Cleaned and fed through the Steenbeck
Memory is a journey by night down a river
But sometimes a full moon rises
Painting sound, sight and soul

Hjernerystelse

Hail the mujaddara cook

Who

Presents on one plate

An

odd

twosome:

Machado

vs.

one

bell.

The

poet

has

his

oppositional

romance.

Months

after

the

conflict

I

Dry

Einstein' s wounds.

After typhoon rains,

Nurse

inspects

this food,

This pappy "diet"

Before parents take up the cause

Innovation Diffusion as a Spatial Process

Remove top of ostrich egg
With an Austrian scythe
No yolk betrayed
Just a hundred kittens One
chasing the other,
Each more harried,
Wild-eyed,
Electric

Quiet Storm

I'm not easily misled into
Picking up forgotten things from underneath the bed
I'm a weary man who
Dislikes retracing the same psalm
Dug into earth covering the thoughtless dead

I feed mercury dimes and Millennium quarters
From a slice of time and north of the border
To the shrew behind Slim Jim and pickled egg counter
To purchase some cool, canned calm

Pitch a bronze-faced huard into the witch's palm
To quiet (if not assay)
The clacking bones beneath scratchy sweater
The mouth painted and toothless and boasting unlettered,
Teasing epithets and epigrams, torn shadows of clichés
Embroidered and patched over worn appliqué

Noble Stupid
Me

I did send my oldest son to the apostle Paul
I was shooting up 48 piece picture puzzles of home movies
Shot in late August/ evening/ public park /Port Orange /Florida
I felt New England Autumn coming into my soul
Fingered a fifty cent Kennedy coin beneath Formica kitchen table
Patched a powdered wig
Forsook television
Marital intimacy
Nature documentaries And
home foreclosure
Or
Any films that feature
Victor Mature or
Arguments with volunteers
Of Library and Archives Canada

Tonight joins a room full of identical nights
Cried over toast for supper
Had Philippians 4:6, 7
For dessert

There is a girl
Who was a younger sister
A throwaway One
time use
Cardboard replica Of
mirrored DNA
Blonde and impossible
Duplicitous and evil
Who played twelve-string guitar Like
a honky tonk anachronism
Obedient lumps of Piedmont blues

I want to mime my way through
Reality College
Pluck hated wildflowers
Kowtow
To invaders
Educate them and subvert them
And influence future generations
Of frustrated backyard D I Y
Poets with criminal tendencies
Clown shoes
Seminole bread
Rising from the dirt

Poem Carved with Nail

I'm a hobo nickel away from
Living in a house of plastic crates
Dreaming of eating oranges
From my own orange grove

Tried to pay for price-reduced bread
With change found on a boardwalk
The old bag cashier smiled
And placed each Canuck coin on the counter

"Can't take thaaaat," she sang
"Can't take thaaaat," she repeated
And so I walked away because
To quote the old bag
I
"Can'ttake thaaaat"
And neither can my hungry kids

AM in Am⁵

Key West is the end of
Or the start of
This journey on US Route 1

We'll choose the right bookend
Once we empty this box
Of Little Debbie Cosmic Brownies
Finish the cooking sherry from the bota bag
Figure out who here is the plump and mellow capon
Who is the smashed-up gamecock
Stick our downy youth down the upright macerator
Feed the unthinkable
To the homeless

Better get out of the breadline
Jump into your tomato-red
Flat head
V-8
Tin Lizzy
Rat rod
And stream into the AM fuzz that grows
Between two headlights
And two twilights

⁵ Published in *Contemporary & Literary Horizon*, *Cantaraville*, and *Eleutheria - The Scottish Poetry Review*

